[PRICE THREE CENTS.]

THE WASP.

By Robert Rusticoat, Esquire.

Vol. I.] *"To lash the Rascals naked through the world."* [No. 10.

HUDSON, November 2, 1802.

FORT CHENANGO, *Oct.* 6, 1802.

TAKEN up, on Friday the 24th ult. a wandering BEE, as was supposed, but on examination, found to be a detestable Drone. On Saturday he was committed to the Fort for an impostor, and on Monday he was arraigned at the Bar of Reason for trial. In the course of the prosecution, it was confessed by the prisoner, that he deserted from the gaol of New-London, where he had been confined for sedition, but having heard that one of the same iniquitous Hive had received pardon and forgiveness from the great King Bee, and was even rewarded for his treachery out of the treasury which the industrious and frugal collectors had gathered together, but despairing of the like good fortune, (since this filching trick was found out by the old Hive, who for a season had retired from their labors, but with a careful eye still watch their great and important concerns,) and knowing that the end of his confinement would be the beginning of his starvation in that soil, he therefore determined to make his escape the first favorable opportunity; that he now repented most bitterly of his rash desertion, as he is obliged to wander to and fro for a miserable living, whereas he might have repented of his crimes (as he was often tempted to do) and thus would have been more likely to experience the favors of the great and good, to which he had now forfeited every claim; that in his present desperate circumstances, he had been invited to enlist under the banners of the TURN OUT GENERAL,* but finding his patron opposed by Robert Rusticoat, Esq. Generalissimo of the Wasps, whose legions are commanded "to lash *such* rascals naked through the world," he had, Granger-like, got into the mail, where he had been jostled and bounced, and bruised almost to death, and in this deplorable situation he had the misfortune to be arrested by the detachment under the command of Capt. Hornet, stationed at this place—that he had nothing to alledge in his behalf, but prayed that whatever fate might await him, he might have this last opportunity to acknowledge his wickedness and implore the mercy of his judges.

Whereupon the chief of the Tribunal of

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* This cannot mean *Attorney General*.—EDIT.

REASON pronounced his conviction, and ſentenced him to be puniſhed by Capt. Hornet, at his diſcretion.

COMPANY ORDERS.

Capt. Hornet directs, that a ſtatement of the DRONE's caſe, lately convicted at Fort Chenango, be tranſmitted to his Excellency ROBERT RUSTICOAT, Eſq. and requeſt his opinion as to the puniſhment proper to be inflicted.

By Order of Capt. HORNET.
DARBY STINGER, *Sergeant.*

OPINION OF ROBERT RUSTICOAT.

WHEREAS, it appears, that the above mentioned impoſtor, deſerter and Drone, after having thus far, led a life of wickedneſs and knavery, has now enliſted under the banners of the Turn-out General, to whoſe band of marauders he has become *Camp-Cully-Man*, therefore his preſent repentance muſt avail him nothing.—He muſt have a Yankee coat of diſtinction (tar and feathers) and forthwith be driven out of the fort, as a vagabond and deſerter—drums playing the Rogue's March—and colors half-ſtaff.

HOLT is a philoſopher—that is, he is "decent" and civil. He is none of your blackguarding fellows. —Why he is ſimple as ſyllabub.—Yes, but then, he is ſmart as bottled beer.—Now, prithee, who is the moſt patient man? Why, Charley Holt, to be ſure.—Ah, but he is not ſo patient, neither. Don't you ſee how he flounces and kicks up his heels at the gentle, tho' ſevere, Caſca.—Yes, but he does not even wince at all the railing of the inſolent Waſp.—Ah, that is becauſe ——But hold—I'll tell you a ſtory.—I like to tell ſtories:——

When the *perſecutor for opinion's ſake*, found his popularity trudging down hill, about ten times as faſt as ever he had been able to drag it up—and when he found that he was deſpiſed by ſome, feared by others and loved by none; and, in ſhort, when he found that it was high time to preſs ſomebody into his ſervice, who would endeavor to bolſter up his rotten fame—he ſearched about for a hireling printer. For the editor of the Gazette was too firmly and honeſtly fixed in correct principles for his purpoſe, and the Balance-folks were not "come-at-able."—In the firſt place, it was agreed that none but a man of ſcience ſhould be employed in conducting a democratic preſs in Hudſon.—Such an one could not be obtained. Indeed, it is a queſtion whether ſuch a being as a democratic man of ſcience could be found on earth. About this time, the New-London Bee, was reduced to a half-ſheet—and the editor began to ſend forth diſmal complaints about poor ſupport, and alſo to call the Connecticut democrats no better than a pack of rogues who took his paper and never paid for it. Here, then, was a fine opportunity for the Perſecutor and his minions to diſplay their generoſity.—Ah, ſaid a nameſake of mine.——Which name? None of your buſineſs—don't interrupt my ſtory. Yes, ſaid this nameſake, we will ſend and buy Holt. We muſt buy him, or we can't govern him. Holt is a good blackguard, and that's all we can ſay of him. He can beat the Balance at blackguarding, and that's enough. So, Holt was bought, and 500 pieces of ſilver paid down for him.—Cheap enough in all conſcience. But before he could get all *his* accounts *into* the hands of lawyers, and get thoſe of others *out* of the hands of lawyers, and before he could get fairly ſettled down in this place, the Waſp ſallied out, prepared to meet him. The tone of Holt's purchaſers was now wonderfully altered. From an accompliſhed and able blackguard, Holt was at once metamorphoſed to a "a decent," civil, meek, mild, peaceable, ſenſible, pretty gentleman. Credulous people were inclined to think that the Bee had always ſipped nectar from pinks and roſes, until an unlucky alluſion to a Hog-ſtye, convinced every body to the contrary.——No, no, the democrats don't want a "decent" printer; and if they did they could not have one, eſpecially in Holt. He employs all his talents at blackguardiſm—but takes good care to attack ſomebody who is a great way off. He is bold as a tiger when his opponent is out of the way—but he crouches like a mouſe before even ſuch an humble antagoniſt as ROBERT RUSTICOAT.

COMMUNICATION.

HOLT ſays, that Duane, when he was in the Britiſh dominions, was arreſted, deſpoiled of his property and tranſported out of the country as a "*foreigner.*"—This is a moſt palpable and bareſaced lie.—Duane, it is true was arreſted for his crimes—And had he not left priſon, as Holt left New-London, and as Mitchell left Stratford, with a pack of tip-ſtaffs at his heels,

he would beyond doubt,—have been "tranſported." But, inſtead of "inheriting" Mr. Bache's wife and children, his inheritance would have been the laſh of an overſeer, in that nurſery of rogues, Botany-Bay. Duane was tried in Philadelphia, by a jury conſiſting both of democrats and federaliſts, who pronounced him a *foreigner*. He never was naturalized.—Therefore, ye wiſe democrats of Hudſon, when you read the Aurora, and worſhip Duane, as you daily do, you worſhip an Iriſh exotic. BOO.

TORIES! TORIES! TORIES!

YOU cannot look at a page in any democratic print but you ſee thoſe frightful words. But what is a tory? Mr. Jefferſon ſays "he who ſupports the exiſting government." Then our democrats have become tories. But the democrats aſſert that by tories they mean thoſe who did not aſſiſt in our revolution. And they declare that thoſe are all federaliſts. How does it happen, then, ye intellectual ſtriplings, that thoſe ſtates where there was in the time of the revolution ſcarcely a tory to be ſeen, are now moſtly federal? And that thoſe ſtates in which tories moſt abounded are now democratic? In New-England there were but few, very few tories. New-England is decidedly federal. New-York, Virginia, Pennſylvania, and Georgia, were thronged with tories. They are now democratic. Theſe are indiſputable facts,—and how do they accord with your infamous aſſertions?—Beſides, your Mr. Jefferſon has raiſed more tories to office than did both Waſhington and Adams. Tench Cox piloted the Britiſh into Philadelphia, he is now Collector of the Revenue in Pennſylvania. George Stephens was proſcribed as a Tory in Georgia. He is now an officer. Ludlow and Edgar of New-York—Erving of Boſton—Wilſon of Worceſter, and many others have been appointed ſince Jefferſon was Preſident, all acknowledged tories. You cannot mention as many tories who held offices under the former adminiſtration. Is not Jefferſon then the patron of tories?—And do you, Duane, when in one hand you graſp your 11,000 dollars, and with the other write againſt tories, remember that while America ſtruggled for freedom, you was a Briton, aiding and aſſiſting her oppreſſors?—And you, Holt and Mitchell, ought to bluſh when you extract into your vehicles of ſlander the nonſenſe of this Iriſh renegado.

MITCHELL has again been ſilly enough to mention the Wasp. I ſhall, in ſpite of all my inclinations for forbearance, find myſelf obliged to "laſh *that* raſcal naked through the world." He ought to learn that thoſe who play with Waſps ſhould take care of their *tails*..—How can you be ſo imprudent, Mitchell?—Have you no regard for that *dear* "innocent family" of yours? Dear me! you will ruin its peace, and your own too.—Oh! the deuce, what a pity! What a ſhame it is, that folks can't let Mitchell's private character alone. How plaguey unfortunate, that Mitchell's character muſt run all the way from Stratford after him. The Democrats in this ſtate will ſurely ruin their cauſe, if they don't make a law, that when rogues elope from New-England, and ſettle down here, their old tricks ſhall not be mentioned by R. Ruſticoat, and ſuch ſaucy fellows. For inſtance if a man loſe his ears in Rhode-Iſland, for forgery, or ſome ſuch democratic trick, and, and after fleeing to this ſtate, he becomes an elector for preſident, it ought to be a crime of the deepeſt die, to ſay a word about it.—Mitchell thinks its deviliſh ungenerous to be telling tales of him. He had better keep ſtill—for "the more he ſtirs, the worſe he ſtinks."

BECAUSE an unuſual time has intervened between the publication of my two laſt numbers, certain galled gentlemen have indulged a hope, that the Waſp would ſoon be totally diſcontinued.—Don't flatter yourſelves, gentlemen; the Waſp will not relinquiſh his taſk, as long as the Bee continues to buzz; and I ſhould not be ſurprized, if Holt, after having given up the Bee as a bad bargain, ſhould voluntarily offer to print my Waſp for half the price which I now pay to the Balance printer.—However, I will never pay him even that, unleſs he furniſhes himſelf with new types, for the Waſp ſhall never be diſgraced with his old *ſtumps*, which have been ſo long employed in printing *lies*, that it would be almoſt impoſſible to make them tell TRUTH.

"LARGE APPLES

"Were brought to this market laſt week
"Of ſome we bought, one weighed twen-
"ty-five ounces." [*Bee.*]

LARGE PUMPKINS

Were alſo brought to this market. Of a cart-load which the printer of the Bee bought, one was as big, and weighed *pretty near* as much as the Mammoth Cheeſe—"May be ſo—may be not."

THE following ſpecimen of correct

grammar appears in a late Newark "Centinel of Freedom" (the ſame paper that was for a while printed on ſheep-ſkin.)

"This is only one of the falſhoods that *was* fabricated "and publiſhed, *for to* anſwer electioneering purpo- "ſes."

Nothing eſcapes the deſolating hand of the ſavage democrats—They butcher reputations—murder grammar, and tomahawk common ſenſe, without the leaſt reſerve or conſideration.—

I had juſt written the above, when, looking over the editorial paragraphs of the ſame paper, I beheld ſo many grammatical blunders, that I could not avoid feeling ſome pity for the editors.—For *people's* they have it "peoples's" probably to be pronounced people*zez*.——They ſpeak of the "upright part of the community *of* whatever name they may bear."—They tell of "the *primeval* cauſe of our ſeparation from the mother country."—They ſay that the meaſures of Mr. Adams tended to "*laden* the people with cumbrous taxes."—They ſtate "the reſult of the enquiry *is* as *follow*."—Now, then, if the *peoples, of whatever name they may bear, was for to* judge of the *primeval* cauſe of theſe blunders, they would doubtleſs conclude, that ſome dreadful misfortune had tended to LADEN the heads of Pennington and Gould with a plentiful ſupply of nothing.—And the reſult of the enquiry *is* as *follow*: That the Centinel of Freedom ought always to be printed on leathern paper.

THE Worceſter Spy drily remarks that the Boſton Chronicle is "the only democratic paper of any conſequence or credit in the ſtate" of Maſſachuſetts. A more ſevere ſarcaſm could not have been levelled at the other democratic printers in that ſtate. The Boſton Chronicle is managed with about as much ability, as our Hudſon Bee, with one material difference, however; Ben Auſtin, the rope-maker *uncoils* his hempen numbers of "Old South" originally in the Chronicle, and the Bee takes them at ſecond hand. As to credit, the democratic papers are much alike—but the Chronicle is known by the name of "the lying-Chronicle" all over Maſſachuſetts.—Hector Ironſide, and Levi, "the Farmer," will feel not a little chagrined to think that their "Ægis" muſt rank beneath the Chronicle—the Salem Regiſter, *ſummariſt*, will become outrageous—and *Phin*, who ſets the types for the Pittsfield Sun, will ſwear, in his wrath, that the Chronicle has gained all its conſequence by "plagiarizing" his paragraphs.

FOR THE WASP.

SONNET.—TO THE [PITTSFIELD] SUN.

AH! ſad and dreary were this earthly ſcene,
Uncheer'd and unadorn'd by heav'nly light;
Unknown the raptures of each orb of ſight,
Had yonder glorious *Day-ſpring* never been:—
'Tis thine, fair lamp! with luſtre all ſerene,
Humbler, indeed, and *leſs divinely* bright,
And borrow'd rays, to guide the wand'ring wight
To freedom's fane, and truth's abode terrene.—
Thus guides, by night, with phoſphoreſcent gleam,
Some mould'ring fragments of the foreſt drear,
The grov'ling inſect to its humble ſhrine—
Thus have I ſeen, and ſuch the languid beam,
Putreſcent fleſh and fiſh, their glimm'rings wear,
And, proud of *giving light*, ſo STINK and SHINE.

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,
BY HARRY CROSWELL,
FOR THE EDITOR.